

# Muzgash

#4

Published March 20, 1971  
(from stencils cut around July, 1970) by:

"A non-Cultzine"

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WE MADE IT PUBLICATION #202

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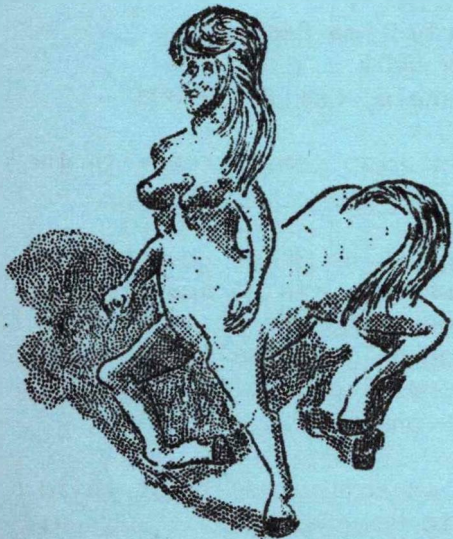
Let me see now ---- we have DOL CIRITH UNGOL #5, over a month old already, and (of all things) SHAGRAT #11. Also, in a few cases, an issue or two of XUJA -- a thing I've been putting together to document a Diplomacy game I'm running at Xerox/XDS.

[On this last, if anybody who didn't get a copy *wants* one, drop me a line. It's of interest to Diplomacy addicts only -- no humor, politics, or articles. Not even worth sending out for trade, unless you want it, of course. (For a *good* Diplomacy 'zine, send a dollar for GRAUSTARK to John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226.)]

Meanwhile, it's getting to the point that my FR's for the Cult (the DOL CIRITH UNGOL series) are getting to be almost exclusively Cultstuff ---- unintelligible to the layman by definition. On that ground, it's not really worth sending out to most of you. And the last press run came to 90 copies (for the interest of Buck Coulson who doesn't think putting out a fanzine for 13 people is worthwhile)! What I'm going to *try* is resuming the SHAGRAT series of f/r's, with at least a sprinkling of general interest (?) stuff. The logic is that I can put out a f/r at my leisure, while the FR's are supposed to come out on time.

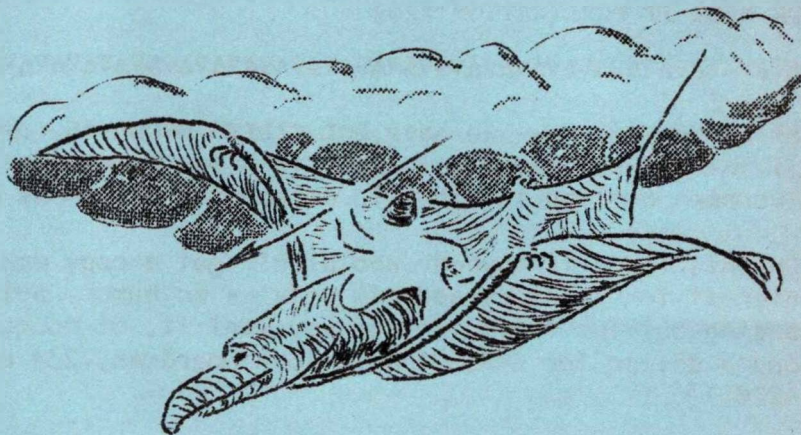
And so, I am reorganizing my mailing list. See the following checklist for your status and/or some indication as to why you are the recipient of this madness (assuming that you care, that is).

- We trade / you contribute / editorial irrationality. You'll be getting all my stuff except for XUJA and similar Diplomacy nonsense.
- You review. I'll be sending you my FR's plus any f/r's of conceivable interest to the non-Cultist.
- Items of non-Cultish interest only. The editors decision on this.
- This package is a sample. If you want to join the Cult, send a letter of application.
- In view of the length of my mailing list -- and it *has* been a long time since I've heard from you -- this will be the last of my fanzines. Of course, you *could* always write in to protest.
- You are interested in non-functional sailing balloons / I have owed you a letter for so long that this is the only chance I have of getting even / None of the above.



I probably wouldn't be bothering with MUZGASH this time around, but I have been meaning to send out what appears here as pages iii - xii. What *they* are, or were originally, is a reprint of a part of the Cult's FR 244 (ZARPANIT #1 -- Sherry Heap) which I had first intended to make a separate 'zine out of. The page numbers at the bottom can be safely ignored at this point. (And if you already have a copy of FR 244, you won't have pages III-xII.) Further, I had no control over the distribution of FR 244.

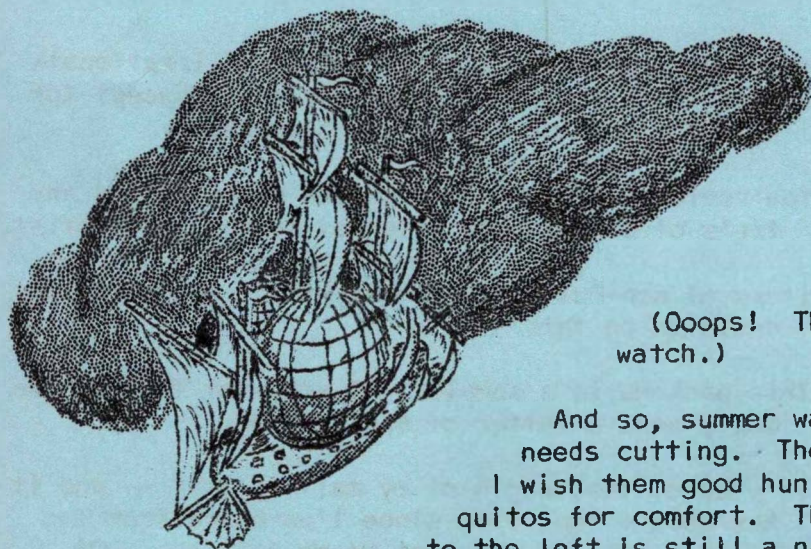
John Boardman's essay (pages iv-vi) is as pertinent as ever. Bob Allen's offer of a Cult fanzine collection is now void, the fanzines in question having been bought. Of interest concerning Harry Warner's letter (pages viii-x) is that Peter Vorzimmer (spelling *sic*, and currently correct) is now back in the Cult and (as I type this) scheduled to publish FR 252 -- a looong step away from his FR 1.



As an item of curiosity (at least I find it curious), I have been elected OA for the third time. At any rate, I am receptive to applications to join, although the waiting list looks healthier than it did a Cycle back.

And for all of you out there who have been waiting for this news; "Yes, Virginia, there really is a Spiro Agnew Wrist Watch -- for \$14.95 (plus 5% sales tax for California residents)." And for the real unbeliever, there is also a Dickey Mouse Poster. That one is \$2.00, with the same penalty for California residents. I have, of course, no guarantee that the firm is either real or honest, but if not, this is a genuine attempt to defraud, not a hoax on my part. Send your money to:

Dr. Dirty  
Dirty Time Company  
Box 5001  
Anaheim, Calif. 92804



(Oops! The poster also comes free with the watch.)

And so, summer wanders on. The grass grows and needs cutting. The spiders are with us again, and I wish them good hunting, for there are too many mosquitos for comfort. The flying ship, or sailing balloon to the left is still a navigational impossibility, one of these days I'll try a "functional" one.

And lastly, for those who have not heard, Sherry and I are expecting our first child. The doctor's estimate is September 15, a little too close to Heicon, but . . . . . And with the first child, it wouldn't be too surprising if it came a week late.

=====

January 26, 1970

Grhultrib ...033

## GEORGE HEAP

Actually, I've got an un-commented-on file going back to the letter Snider didn't publish. At this time of the night, dunno how much you'll see here, but I'll ramble on about generalities first. This, and the following several pages, was originally planned for a f/r. Being as I've got all this nice writing from contributors, I may yet publish it elsewhere. Hence the page #s in Roman at the top. *Sherry's* page #s are at the bottom, as in the rest of her ROTATOR.

To the amazement of our LASFS contingent, I showed up at the December 18 meeting of that organization, unsuitably dressed for the occasion as I remember. I was sent out to our subsidiary at El Segundo ("*El segundo de metralla*") on business, but managed to find time for fannish greetings. At any rate, I enjoyed the meeting and the gettogether at *Bruce's* afterwards. (For those who are interested, I cleaned up all problems and caught the fight out midnight on Friday. That flight is known hereabouts as the "Redeye".)

STUPEFYING STORIES V 14 N 3 (f/r 239.14) {*Eney*}: The cover of TLC II is *intended* to show our Trolley approaching the Mountains of the Giants from Fritz Leiber's "Stardock" in *Swords Against Wizardry*. Dunno at all about the geology. ¶ The Bandor Mead *seems* thicker than wine, but perhaps that's just because it leaves a sticky residue on hands and bottles. It goes remarkably well in coffee.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG, THAT BEARS A SINGLE STAR (f/r 240.39) {*Cochran*}

"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee;  
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"

*Cochran*: I can't identify your quotation, but feel that regardless of How It Was back then; in current U.S. terms the General is *not* the State, has no right to decide what is best for the State, and cannot be permitted to subordinate the interests of the State to his interests as a military commander.

CON MUCHOS ARBOLES 11 (FR 241) {*Patten*}

*Lapidus*: Heard the Southwind version of "Cool Green Hills of Earth" out at *PeZz's* place. It was sort of bad. The tune was probably acceptable and might even have been pleasant in another arrangement. But the group chose to do the song C&W style and, like, it wasn't really Laredo they were singing about.

*Omnes*: On the late Al Snider, I really think he was trying to find the time to put out the ROTATOR, but ended up too far behind to do so and said 'The Hell with it!' I rather doubt he had any real thought of Doing In The Cult.

*Stevens*: Unfortunately, all the FR Publishers get our trust, faith, and all like that there. When they abuse it, they Go. Snider did some nice work for the Cult when he was interested, and I wasn't really about to throw him out on TAPS' sayso. ¶ I was interested in science first, science fiction came later. If science fiction didn't exist, I would undoubtedly read more in other fields, but I think I would be less interested in some of the scientific fields as well.

(continued on page 30/x)

## THE VIETNAMESE ADVISER

"How many Vietnamese fought in *our* Civil War?"  
- Pacifist slogan

For several years, as time can be spared, I have been editing the private papers of my great-grandfather Lieutenant Saul Joshua Boardman of the Massachusetts Volunteers, for eventual publication by the Descendants of Guillaume de Bois-Main. In the course of this work, I discovered a very curious document which seemed to be written in Chinese. There is no mention of this document in the other papers, or any indication of how it fell into my great-grandfather's possession. I can only surmise that he picked it up during the March Through Georgia, as I found it between a rebel poster offering a reward for his arrest, and a handbill advertising a "Loyal Unionist Integrated" whorehouse in Milledgeville.

The mystery deepened after I showed this document to a few Chinese-Americans. They claimed that it was not in Chinese, but in some other language written in Chinese ideographs. One of them wrote out a phonetic transcription in Latin letters, but could throw no further light on the topic.

The mystery was finally resolved about a month ago, when at the home of a mutual friend I met the principal New York City agent of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. (The circumstances of this meeting are irrelevant to the present discussion; suffice it to say that the affair was purely social in nature.) I showed him this Latin transliteration, and he identified it as Vietnamese. It seems that, before the French conquest of Indo-China, there was a fairly widely used system of writing Vietnamese in Chinese characters.

Sometime later I showed the entire document to a Columbia University linguist who is one of the few westerners conversant in this now obsolete form of writing. The following excerpts come from his translation of the Vietnamese, which is in the form of a diary kept by one Shih Ta Bric:

"Day 3. As I have lost account of the calendar of Annam, and none of the natives know it, I shall keep count from the date of my arrival in this strange country, and correct it when I return to Sai Gon. Today I presented my credentials to the leader of the South Nation, a man with the strange sounding name of Djeh Fa San Dae Vis. Communication was difficult to establish, as he apparently speaks a different dialect of English from that of my teacher, the missionary Mak Faer Sun. But he accepted me as a military adviser from the Emperor of Annam, sent to aid the brave southerners in their fight against the expropriations of the bearded tyrant of the North.

"Day 4. There is some doubt as to the proper name of this land. Apparently it was once called U Sa. The North still uses this name, but a local officer named Djac Sun objected strongly when I used the term 'South U Sa'. 'Mae Ri Ca' is also used, but as I understand it, 'South Mae Ri Ca' refers to an entirely different continent many *li* distant from here. Some members of the local forces call their country 'C Sa', but they speak with far more devotion of regions called 'Va Djin Ya', 'Chah Stun', etc. If Annamese military aid is to be effective, the natives are going to have to be given a greater consciousness of national identity. As soon as I find out what their nation is properly called I shall get to work on this task.

"Day 6. The local names are quite troublesome. The government's two best com-

manders are called 'Li' and 'Erh Li', but they do not seem to be in any way related.

"Day 7. Word reached Rich Mun today of another northern atrocity. Northern troops overran the estate of a cabinet member, and stole property valued at many millions of dollars. Most of this property was in the form of a herd of dark-skinned beasts, which bear a superficial resemblance to human beings but which are, I am assured by the Rich Mun government, a variety of domestic animal. The estate's buildings are now all in ashes. Our Emperor has acted wisely to throw Annam's support against such bandits. The sacred right of property shall not perish from the earth!

"Day 11. I finally left for the front, which lies very near to the capital. The northern field commander, a certain Grunt if I heard his name right, has just been badly defeated at a place whose name may be translated as 'A Frigid Accommodation for Shipping'. It is said that he is often stupefied with an alcoholic narcotic in wide use in Mae Ri Ca, and indeed that only this drug fortifies the northern bandits after so many defeats.

"Day 12. It seems that I was misinformed about the intentions of the guerrilla leader Grunt. Although he was able to keep the bandits in action after numerous defeats, his continual losses have broken his spirit and those of his men. Although I had thought him to be just north of Rich Mun, all the government soldiers assure me that he is far to the south, in the province of Djo Djah. They are hastening in that direction as fast as they can, encouraging one another with such cheerful cries as 'Si Dem Yan Kies Yet?' and 'Rhun Fo Yo Lai Yif!'.

"Day 15. We are still heading south, and have not yet seen any bandit troops. Oddly enough, this has greatly heartened the soldiers. The promise of aid from Annam has greatly encouraged them. This morning their commander, an officer with the almost civilized-sounding name of Yan Si, told me, 'If'n we-uns don't get no help from some where, we is dun!'. I take this to be an appreciation of this forthcoming aid.

"Day 17. Northern troops have apparently seized one of the southern holy places, a shrine called a 'Styll'. Yan Si has resolved to retake it.

"Day 18. Today I saw my first action in Mae Ri Ca. Yan Si led 23 government soldiers in an attack on the 'Styll', which was held by almost twice as many northern bandits. I then saw that those traitorous pacifists in Annam who claim that the southern troops are incompetent have no comprehension of the true state of affairs. Fighting in defence of their native land and its holy places, the 'C Sa' soldiers overwhelmed the miserable guerrillas. The northerners, who are believed to be part of the forces of a general named Sher Mun, were the most incompetent fighting men I had ever seen. Despite a strategic position around the shrine, they continually stumbled over their own feet, and the few bullets they fired went wildly off the mark.

"Day 19. Today I interrogated one of the northern prisoners, despite his claims that his head was giving him severe pain. From him I got an account of the northern position on this war. Despite the fact that it is plainly an attempt by U Sa to invade and impose its economic and political system on the South, he regards it as a civil war. It is his position that the government in Wah Shing Tun is the sole government of both North and South. He also expressed scorn for the southern way of life, and claims that the Wah Shing Tun government has a right to enforce its system on the entire country. And to think that for four years these fanatics have been ravaging the peaceful South and its inoffensive, open-handed, humane people!

"Day 21. The guerrilla prisoners were sent off under guard to a strategic ham-

let called An Da Sun VII. Yan Si assures me that they will receive humane treatment there, by contrast to the cruel punishments which C Sa prisoners receive in the North. He claims that these prisoners are forced to live on a kind of salt fish called 'Kahd', which is invariably poisonous to southerners.

"Day. 23. There is said to be fierce fighting ahead. According to some of the C Sa soldiers, Yan Si has brought us from a place called 'Frahm Pan' to another called 'Fai Ya'. Sher Mun is said to be fleeing through the province of Djo Djah from a defeat inflicted on him at a place named 'Ata Lan Ta'. A few outlying hamlets have been burned by his men.

"Day 26. Today we stopped at the ruins of a plantation called 'Ta Ra'. The northern guerrillas apparently looted it, taking all the livestock including the dark-skinned beasts which are necessary for working the land. Our own little troop is short on supplies, so despite their recent loss the inhabitants of Ta Ra graciously gave Yan Si's men all their remaining food. In a quaint custom of Mae Ri Ca, they screamed and wept their gratitude at us for visiting them in their time of need.

"Day 29. Yan Si is hot on the trail of Shur Mun. Everywhere we go, he asks the natives how far ahead the northern forces are. The answers apparently satisfy him, though we have not yet caught up with the marauders. I am collecting these reports for a dispatch back home to Annam, as we have been badly misinformed about the progress of the war. To hear some of the Annamese town criers talk, you would think that the C Sa forces were on the brink of defeat by a vastly superior and better armed force of northerners. It is indeed an education to come to Mae Ri Ca and get the true story from its inhabitants.

"Day 31. It is not too early to think of post-war conditions in Mae Ri Ca. Obviously the northern guerrillas are on the brink of defeat, justifying the optimistic reports which have come out of Rich Mun for the past four years. Soon the sacred principles of aristocracy and private property will be respected through all of Mae Ri Ca. However, it may be necessary to commit a few thousand Annamese troops to this endeavor for mopping-up operations.

"Day 34. At last we are going to engage Sher Mun's troops! Yan Si is overjoyed at the prospects, or so I interpret his cry of 'Dhem Dham Yanks is in evry dyreck-shun!' His men are enthusiastically refurbishing their battle flags, which are plain white banners that they always wave vigorously in the face of the foe.

"Tomorrow we shall show the northern bandits that Annam is thoroughly behind the Rich Mun government in its fight for self-determination."

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Evidently news from Annam travelled rather slowly in those days, as poor Shih Ta Bric was unaware that Saigon had been occupied by the French since 1859 and that Tongking (or Tonkin -- most of today's North Viet Nam) had revolted from the Annamese Empire. This particular incarnation of the Annamese Empire had been formed in 1801 when Gia-long, successful rebel and king in Cochin China (Saigon and thereabouts) conquered Annam (Hue and 'Central Viet Nam') and Tongking with the aid of French troops. This puppet Annamese Empire not proving tractable enough for French purposes, they instituted a series of military campaigns ending, in 1884, with the whole area being divided into three French protectorates. The Indo-Chinese Union (French Indo China) was setup in 1887.

I have also heard that Siam *did* send a smple of their military apparatus to Lincoln, but that their offer of further aid was declined on the grounds that the Union forces couldn't use elephants properly in the terrain being fought over. - grh

October 20, 1969

Bob Allen  
20 Gardiner Avenue  
Regina, Saskatchewan  
Canada

Dear George -

I received DOL CIRITH UNGOL and THE LEGAL CONSTITUTION 11 several days ago, and although I myself am not too keen on pubbing these days, they made for interesting reading. I noticed, however, that it is now policy to send two copies along, so as to allow for completist whims, which prompts me to offer the following old Cultstuff for sale:

ABSTRACTIONS, the 1st issue of [THE?] FANTASY  
ROTATOR (Vorzimer)

"HUH?" (Dennis Moreen, Cultzine #3)

13 O'CLOCK, FANTASY ROTATOR #3 (Ted White, 11  
Oct 54)

MEMBERSHIP/PUBBING DATES 54-55 (1 page)

FANTASY ROTATOR #10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> (White, 1 page)

FANTASY ROTATOR 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> (White, 2 pp.)

FIENDETTA, FANTASY ROTATOR #11 (Charles Wells,  
Feb 55)

WAMPUS KITTY, FANTASY ROTATOR #13

ORGY, F R 14<sup>38</sup>/<sub>69</sub>th (July 55)

TORRI, FANTASY ROTATOR 14<sup>2</sup>/<sub>3</sub>rds

FR Number ??? (Labowitz, 1 page, 28 May 19??)

AN OPEN LETTER (Wells, 1page)

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER (White, 8 pp.)

Letter from Hitchcock, re-printed 30 June 55,  
4 pp. (all about Ted White).

FANTASY ROTATOR #18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> (Ted White, 4pp.)

I just wondered if you, or anyone you know, might want to buy these. They are all in pretty good shape, and any reasonable price will be graciously accepted. Hope to hear from you, thanx again for CIRITH,

*Bob Allen*

[And after a letter from me, offering \$5.00 and suggesting a possible listing of the collection in a Cultzine, a second letter from Bob.]

November 3, 1969

Dear George,

Thanks for your letter. Actually, I was hoping to get a minimum of \$10 for the Cult file, since it is made up of such old FR's. I would most appreciate it if you would mention it in your next Cultzine. I think \$10 for the lot is quite reasonable, since I myself paid \$5 for it, over four years ago.

If there is any chance you could send along another few Cultzines, I would love to read through them. The Cult sounds like such a hell of a lot of fun, I'm almost tempted to dust off the old mimeo and . . .

Best,  
Bob Allen

[And there you have it. I had meant to put out a f/r a month back, but other problems came up, and . . . At any rate, I hope the offer still stands. I have no comment to make on prices in the used fanzine market.

Actually, I haven't put out a Cultzine since DOL CIRITH UNGOL, so I think we shall consider this all a letter-of-application. *Bob*: This is one way to see a selection of Cultzines, and you can always resign if it gets too much for you.]

---

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Maryland  
21740

October 23, 1969

Dear George:

Very many thanks for obeying whatever impulse caused you to send this collection of Cultzines. [It was something in the JDM BIBLIO, said by you or attributed to you, to the effect that the Cult was semantically loaded -- I think I quoted you in my 'zine, somewhere.] THE LEGAL CONSTITUTION II will be particularly useful, if I eventually get around to writing the second volume of the fan history. My notes on the Cult are quite fragmentary so far, and the facts detailed in this f/r should help enormously. [What I should do is Xerox you off the material published around the end of our Thirteenth Cycle, which is somewhat more explicit. Warning: that "Longevity Records" thing at the end of DOL CIRITH UNGOL is as of the end of the Eighteenth Cycle, not the Nineteenth as printed.]

Of course, Advent warns that it will be 1972 before the history of the 1950s will fit into its publishing schedule. So there's a chance that by then the mechanics of book preparation will have undergone some kind of breakthrough that will permit us to do something special with the pages on the Cult. For instance, if the proper technologies have been developed by that time, maybe we could utilize a special slow-appearing ink for the Cult passages in a portion of the edition, keeping them invisible for five years or so, and selling those copies to the youthful and more squeamish people in fandom, so they will have time to toughen up.

The news about Peter J. Vorzimer's association with NASA is surprising. The last I heard, five years ago or longer, some fan had found him almost by accident as a salesman in a used car lot, terribly afraid that his boss would overhear their conversation about old days in fandom. I assume the "rather impressive results" you



mention for his NASA job are involved in the Apollo trip when the craft started to go around in circles and someone said sunuvvabitch.

[Well, I heard about the book he'd written for NASA back around December of '68, and thought I might as well update the 'Vorzimer' (now Vorzimmer) entry in the glossary. As he is now Associate Professor in the History and Philosophy of Science at Temple University, I can only assume that car selling was a temporary money-maker, somewhere along the line. He doesn't like what we've done to his Cult, though.]

I even read with interest the statistics on who was longest in the Cult in various ways. It's disheartening to discover that I don't recognize offhand one of the names, Moreen, and that I'm uncertain about the identity of the Stark, who might be either Larry or Ben for all I know. [It was Larry. Moreen is listed as Denis Moreen, in the Cult from the 1st to the 29th Period -- late '54 to (?)'57.] It shows how little I've been in touch with the Cult over the years, despite occasional receipt of someone's publications, and the low probability of the eventual emergence of a definitive, detailed history of the organization. It doesn't even ring true that Jean Young should have a fairly long string of activity after her name, because she was about the least like the customary fannish image of Cult members as anyone could have been.

Different stencil sandwiches seem appropriate for different typewriters. I get good results on this ancient Underwood with just a film, the stencil, cushion sheet and backing. And I wish I knew a source of films in bulk. Master Products offered them years ago and I bought a supply that is just running out, but they're no longer available there; these were such sturdy films that I could use one through a dozen or more stencils. The typer I had before this one, back in the 1930's, did its best work if a sheet of cheap paper were placed between cushion sheet and backing, low-priced yellow second sheets, for instance. You realize, I assume, what the new typewriters and their magnetic cards will do to the correction fluid industry. You will be able to type the material for a fanzine page on a card, erasing mistakes simply by typing over them, then insert the card in a slot in your machine, put a stencil in the platen, and the error-free page will be cut in three minutes or less. You could also get unlimited numbers of copies from a ditto machine, simply by punching a button to create an identical new ditto master whenever the old one started to fade. [Or get identical copies for short runs right out of the typer. Somebody (*Scithers?*) did something like this for the Cult using the paper-tape output of a teletype to re-type the 'zine.]

The author Sherry is thinking about is Paul Gallico. But I can't think just now about any of his titles except *The Snow Goose*.

If Joe Gibson didn't fall into a spacewarp, he would undoubtedly be delighted with a copy of DOL CIRITH UNGOL. While he was publishing G<sup>2</sup> he spent a lot of time and spilled much mimeograph ink over the matter of star mapping. I personally am not too anxious to get data about the nearest stars from unmanned probes before I die, but I'd like to see some of them leave within my lifetime. It looks as if there's no highly developed life in this solar system (unless my unreasoning hope about Jupiter's moons is accidentally justified) and it would be terrible to discover late in life that the planets around the nearest stars are equally lifeless. But it would take an awful lot of fast scientific advance for me to get the bad news in time; the only hope, or danger, of living for this would seem to be perfection of time travel in at least one direction. If we could send the probes into the past, with mechanisms programmed to start them toward the stars a thousand years ago, they could make leisurely trips and we'd still get prompt reports.

[I thought of sending Joe Gibson a copy of DCU, but not having any address later than his last G<sup>2</sup>'s was sort of doubtful if he'd still be there. Anybody have an up-to-date address for him?]

Lee Hoffman might be able to help with facts about mead. I remember dimly her description of finding a source in New York City. It was *viva voce*, on tape, so I couldn't look it up even if I had the ability to find anything I seek in my jumbled piles of old fanzines and letters.

The *Strangler in a Strange Land* interlineation reminds me how someone at Advent almost made a last-minute change in *All Our Yesterdays*. He was practically certain that fans, being what they are, would have called their local Boston club the Stranglers, and here I'd gone and referred to it as the Strangers. I believe that I evoked the memory of Laurence Manning's old series in *Wonder Stories* to prove that I was right about the name.

Please pardon the disjointed commentary. I've been in periodic agonies from an apparent sinus upheaval all week and between needing sleep and suffering a head implosion every time I move that object, I'm really not in loc writing condition.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

[Well, I really didn't expect any non-Cult loc's, but I had hoped to print yours and Bob Allen's in December. Probably would have done better to have sent the stuff on to another Cult Publisher, but at least this way I *knew* it would get published.]

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#### YOUNG MAN MULLIGANISM

I wintered once on Gethen for a change,  
 Found the people there were more than passing strange,  
 I'll avoid the morbid detail  
 But they're neither male nor female,  
 And an orgy there is damned hard to arrange.

Dunno who this is by. A guy handed it to me at the '69 Phillycon. Maybe I was supposed to recognize him, but I didn't.

-grh

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(GEORGE HEAP

- continued from page 23/iii)

*Patten:* Your average citizen pushing buttons for Instant Decision sounds like the makings of a nation-wide lynch mob.

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#### THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG II (f/r 242.39) {Cochran}

"Down with the traitor! Up with the star!  
 And we'll rally round the flag boys, rally once again."

*Cochran:* We seem to agree that the President has the right and duty to make decisions without consulting the electorate at every turn. However, I in no

way go along with your idea that such Presidential decisions are undebatable. The criticism offered by the opposition party, for instance, seems to be perfectly acceptable, even from party spokesmen who are not holding office.

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[I seem to have forgotten to note earlier, that the comments inserted in Allen's and Warner's letters, using this typeface, in brackets, are mine. - grh]

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ANGMAR 31 (FR 242) {Pelz}

*Opilla*: You're off your ass on the Lin Carter/racist thing. His fantasy anthologies are designed for a public largely unfamiliar with most non-Western fantasy. You might *want* the man to start a crusade for a change in reading habits, but his failure to meet your tastes hardly justifies a charge of racism. ¶ One comment on your criticism of the Phillycon: the Union conventions you mention, business conventions, and the like, are generally managed by professionals who are paid to devote most of their time to the project. Fandom is not like this.

*Anderson*: While my devotion to your Flandry series does not approach *Cochran's*, I *would* be interested in seeing a checklist published, if you had one handy to send to a willing Cultist.

*Opilla* and *Pelz*: It might also be added that even those of us who *are* interested in sword-and-sorcery do not necessarily feel called upon to practice it (them?) in the streets. (Why *don't* we do it in the road?) If there were a group of creative anachronisters handy, I might have a try at it, but in the meantime, I don't feel really deprived.

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FANTASY ROTATOR 243 {Lerner}

*Stevens*: Somehow I got the impression, reading *Dune Messiah*, that quite a lot of things that were of only local concern in *Dune* had suddenly become a matter of Universal Interest. I'd have to go re-read them both to verify this, but am right now not that interested.

*Lapidus*: At this point I'm thinking I ought to try reading *Macroscope*, but my newsstand scanning didn't impress me enough to buy it.

*Cochran*: There *are* more rational (*and* legal, *and* morally justifiable) forms of protest. ¶ Your line of reasoning: If you don't like the rules in our college, you can leave; can be used to justify about any kind of dictatorial pressure by those having temporary authority.

*Lerner*: Just what in hell are you doing with your unpublished and partially published Cultletters? Is this some kind of an arcane collection?

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ZARPANIT #1 (FR 244) {Sherry}

*Vorzimmer*: No, the Cult is not particularly exclusive these days. Your idea of a correspondence group held together by friendship alone fell by the wayside long ago; as did all of the Founding Members. Today we hold together out of interest and/or inertia. Those who become sufficiently disenchanting leave, and lo! others appear to fill the gaps. ¶ No ---- *Fred Lerner's* ROTATOR was hardly a work

of art, but it was out on time and contributed to our various conversations. The main complaint has been, not of its appearance, but of the editorial deletions which have been far greater than the norm. At this point, I'm almost tempted to send a higher bid to *Allen* (for the First and Second Cycle 'zines) so I can see what a really nice fanzine looks like. ¶ So, sorry you don't enjoy our company more. Go with our blessings.

*Scithers*: The U.S.P.O.D. was having a bad time of it the week before *Lernersday*. They managed to delay all sorts of Diplomacy correspondence past GRAU-STARK's deadline, the most important of which was *mine*. I guess it was the godawful snow! ¶ The U.S. Constitution gives state Governors and Legislatures all sorts of powers that the local authorities don't have. What it amounts to is that the Mayor and City Council get blamed for everything that goes wrong, but can't raise moneys, regulate education, change laws, *etc.* without the approval of the rest of the state. (We had some kind of a referendum on the ballots a while back to permit Buffalo to float a bond issue. I voted for it solely on the grounds that it was Buffalo's business to decide if they needed the money and could afford the bonds.) (Another example was the State legislation required a few years back to let hotels in Philadelphia and Pittsburg sell liquor on Sundays.) I think the framework of state laws and constitutions is suitable only for rural areas and smalltowns, which is what you would expect from rural dominated legislatures. There is also the thing that a state has more room to spread problems around.

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 "The more laws and order are made prominent,  
 The more thieves and robbers there will be."  
 - *The Way of Lao Tzu*, Sixth century(?) B.C.  
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*Eney*: No, the fact that the Army paid damages and admitted their guilt in the matter of the nerve-gassed sheep, *after* a year or so of lying about it, doesn't really give me much confidence in their denials. I don't think the Constitutional safeguard re non-incrimination is supposed to protect criminally negligent government agencies. ¶ Yes, I should have repeated "normal news media" in regards to the re-printing of printing of enemy propaganda. I *am* aware of the underground press. However, do *you* think that getting the My Lai story (assuming that it is true) into the *East Village Other* or *The Berkely Tribe* would make anybody's fortune? Or, as this is really the point, do you think that underground press coverage would really accomplish anything. Maybe it *does* take twenty months to find a *Life*, a *Time*, a *Newsweek*, or a *New York Times* (or anything else I'd classify as normal news media) that will cover an atrocity story like My Lai. That's one of the things that worries me. The nerve-gas maneuvers in Canada (this was a joint U.S.- Canadian affair) was not covered here. The law providing for the confinement of dissidents to concentration camps without legal trial wasn't publicized until recently. And by "publicized" I don't mean printed in the *Ann Arbor Argus*, or even in a few small-circulation "normal" newspapers. (The concentration camp story was in the *Village Voice* at least a year before *Time* and *Playboy* picked up on it.) Would you care to comment on why you *don't* think that the news is controlled?

*Lapidus*: There's actually a whole literature of crimes, religions, and other misdeeds for which the Cult has been falsely accused. Someday I may Do Something with this idea. Which reminds me, have you read the bit that Manson was a fan of *Stranger In A Strange Land* and may have been trying to act out some of it? This should make some people unhappy; mainly Heinlein.

*Hoffman*: Apparently *Lerner's* "editing" went pretty damn far. All I can say is that you weren't alone, and the Official Powers aren't quite up to dealing with him properly.